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Gouverneur, St. Law. Co. Nov. 28th. 1830.

My very dear Mother, (Maria)

I can hardly persuade myself cheerfully to sit down to this slow method of communicating my thoughts to one whom I have ever been accustomed verbally to open my heart without reserve. In imagination I am often by the side of my dear parent listening to her instructions and as ~~usual~~ the dealings of providence with her in my absence and participating in her joys and sorrows; and I too, pour my whole soul into the bosom of my mother and am happy in her embrace: but soon the delusion vanishes away and I find myself under the influence of sleep or the mazes of forgetfulness two hundred miles from the friends so dearly loved. But I do not feel that I am surrounded by strangers. I enjoy much in our dear family and have found some very pleasant companions abroad. My privileges, both of a temporal and spiritual nature are superior to what I ever before enjoyed; & could my improvement be proportioned by them, it would indeed be rapid. But my dear Mother I find in myself the same dispositions to undervalue my blessings, and consequently not improve them as I ought. I have attended school seven weeks; am pleased with my teacher and hope to make some proficiency in my studies. I know that my mother is desirous to hear of the culture of my heart, and the increase of my affections for the Saviour of sinners, as well as # my progress in earthly science. I wish I could cheer your heart by telling you that I was making good progress toward the heavenly Canaan, that I was fast gaining the victory over every evil propensity; and that it was my chief delight to obey the divine commands and be employed in the service of my Redeemer. # But how different must be the intelligence. I sometimes fear that sin is taking entire possession of my heart, and that I am yielding myself a willing subject to its power. that I am still fast bound in the bonds of iniquity. In proportion as this is the case, peace and happiness are strangers to my breast. But I would not slight the goodness of God, and make no mention of his mercy and loving kindness manifested towards me unworthy as I am. I am sometimes permitted to carry all my burdens to that

[illegible] your pen [illegible] as happily situated [illegible] Do not [illegible] of fulfilling the promise you gave in [illegible] a letter in four weeks — [illegible] mind [illegible] Maria.

friend whom I so ungratefully treat, and although I can plead no merits of my own, yet his obedience was so perfect and the expiation of my sins made so complete through his suffering, and since he has so freely offered himself to me, I feel that I may have him for my Saviour and confide in his precious promises. And my dear mother not the least happy are those precious moments which are employed in calling down his blessings upon my dear absent friends and asking him to direct, support and comfort my dear parents. - - - - - - - I already feel a confidence that I ~~enjoy~~ am daily privileged with an interest in your petitions; but let the desire of my mother be, that I may prize and improve my advantages, and be useful to my fellow creatures. - - - - - May I not ask you to write? did you know how every word was valued and how much good it might effect I presume it would help to overcome many seeming obstacles. - Give much love to Pa - how is his health? - and how is the health of my dear mother? is she divinely supported under all her cares and perplexities? I hope she is, I sometimes feel that she is - - - I sometimes long for one of those saturdays that to permit me to visit home, and share in the joys of a[...] rows of the family circle - but I recollect the remark of my dear mother, "I shall be happy in feeling that my daughters are so," I endeavour to contribute to your happiness and that of my dear friends with whom I dwell. But I can say this, I knew not the strength of those cords that bound me to my home. - - - Please to receive this with much love from your affe. daughter, Maria.

My dear brother Boston how do you do this morning? are you trudging your way to school? are you going to love your book this winter? does your happiness consist in making your dear parents and all those around you happy? let it, my dear brother and you will thereby secure your own. Maria.

Boston have you remembered to cover the roots of the rose bushes hyacinth and pinks? and bring into the house the little bulbs?

Dec 1. Wednesday morning

Dear E.

I have room to write a few words I wish I had a whole sheet I could it up well. I shant tell any news only Sally Atwood is married to Andrew Philips. & Miss Hayes had a pair of twins last week Thursday. A girl & a boy they are doing well. I shant write again in any letter till you can write at least one line to me I have a cart load of news to write to you when you have written a letter to me alone and not till then. you wont hear any thing more from me till I heare from you. Your brother James

I - - - - - -

Write to me immediately & to me alone. Tell your friends are well. James.

Dear Mama Julia If we have too long neglected replying to your kind letter, the blame must fall upon me. As we were sending papers frequently, I concluded it would be an unnecessary burthen of postage to write immediately. My time also has been so parcelled out that I have excused myself from writing much, though I never intend that business shall prevent writing to my Mother. Could I drop into your circle and with a filial embrace open my heart as I have been wont to do, it would be I think a sweet solace, as sister has already expressed, but I will not make this interview joy-less by thinking what might be happier. No, that would ill become me, whose obligations to contribute to the happiness of my friends are so great. I know it is the expression of the heart from your children when absent that satisfies you, and though it would not be proper for me so freely to unbosom myself to any other, yet while I have the privilege I am in duty bound to improve it, the more especially if it will gratify my Mother. I can not tell you any thing good of myself as you very well know, but I think I may say if not deceived, that I am experiencing something of the abiding presence of my Father in Jesus Christ. While I have reason to mourn and weep, to blush and be ashamed on account of my sluggishness, I must record the free, sovereign, unmerited love of God in giving me in any measure the teaching & sustaining influences of the Holy Spirit. I hope my dear mother through divine assistance I am making some proficiency in a christian course, but I feel that I need your prayers, I desire them, I ask them, that I may so live as to glorify my God and Saviour, benefit my fellow creatures, especially those over whom I exert an influence, that our heavenly Father will crown his begun goodness by honouring me as the instrument of some good to his cause in the salvation of immortal souls. The precious work of grace is not to appearance progressing as it did a number of weeks since, but I do think that some are believing and not discouraged from appearances. If we would learn to walk by faith and not by sight we should be so inconstant in our walk should we. O that the blessed Spirit may so teach us. I commenced teaching a number of small children the 22nd. of this month, in our own house, am engaged for an indefinite time. I find it very difficult and perplexing to manage x

thirty little children as I should be glad to, if in this way I may do the will of my Saviour I will strive to rejoice in it. A recent letter from Rochester, tells me that Elisabeth and Burr were hoping in the Saviour, the revival continues though not so powerful there but it is spreading, and Mr. James is dismissed, Cousins urge me to return early in the Spring, should I see that time, I shall want the advice of my mother about it.

My dear Esther I believe I shall not wait to write from Rochester, but as I have room only for a line I shall not call it a letter. We were much gratified last week with the reception of yours ~~letter~~ and you will please accept me as the organ of many thanks for it. I suppose I might by exertion scrape together numerous little items that would interest for a moment but at present I think of no particular news abroad. At home we are about as usual, Pa, reads his papers, attends his numerous calls, James pursues his studies, Louisa assists some in my little school. Aunt Maria, at home this week and Ma quite unwell. She has been complaining (in consequence of a cold) about three weeks, and pretty much laid aside work. but we hope by the blessing of God she will soon be better. She was pleased with your letter and anticipates much benefit to you from yr residence with our kind mother. we feel that you will endeavour to be a comfort to her, and confidently expect that you will. The seasons we have spent in my little chamber are fresh in my memory. I trust you have not forgotten them. O [illegible] let me beseech [illegible] to the Saviour [illegible] have not, choose him Esther for your portion be earnest in prayer that he will make you know the blessing of his salvation. When you write I shall you will in confidence tell me yr state of mind.

Yours aff.
Eliza

Gouverneur N.Y.
Dec. 1 — 18 3/4

Mrs. Mary P. Fisher,
Rupert,
Vt.

Brother Preston I have long been wishing to write you for if I remember right I have not answered your last to me. I was very happy to receive from you and hope I shall be favoured with many more. I want my dear Br you should grow in wisdom and be preparing to do good. and in order to this, seek an interest in the Saviour while young. You are not too young now, ah no, give your heart to Jesus, and he will make it good, and kind, and virtuous, he will make you happy too, and more than this, he will prepare you for heaven. O Preston sister wants to hear that you are a child that loves to pray. Give much love to Juliaette, and tell her I want the same of her.

Have my dear Ma write, soon. from your aff Julia